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DYNAMITE SHIP THAT BLOCKS SUEZ CANAL TO BE BLOWN UP TO-DAY.



The world's greatest waterway, the Suez Canal, connecting Europe and Asia, is to be closed to-day in order that the submerged steamship Chatham, which has eighty tons of dynamite on board, can be blown up. The exploding of this tremendous quantity of dynamite will probably mean suspending all traffic through the canal for several days, and the commercial loss entailed will be enormous. The photograph shows the Chatham submerged.

THE FUNERAL OF DR. BARNARDO YESTERDAY.



The mortal remains of Dr. Barnardo, the children's friend and founder of the Barnardo homes, were laid to rest yesterday afternoon at Ilford. As the funeral procession passed from the People's Church, Limehouse, where the body had been lying in state, thousands of people lined the streets, and every blind was drawn. Heading the procession were 1,500 boys from the various homes, and in the rear came the doctor's empty cab. The photographs show—(1) the Barnardo boys leading the procession; and (2) the hearse arriving at Liverpool-street Station.

GRAVE CRISIS AT BUDAPEST.

Hungarians Send Defiant
Message to Emperor.

APPEAL TO ARMS.

Prospects of Desperate Fighting
in the Dual Empire.

The crisis in Austria-Hungary has reached a most serious stage, every indication seeming to point to a probable split in the Empire.

Following upon the riots in Budapest, the tumult in the Reichstag, and the suppression of the paper which published a poem calling upon Hungary to draw the sword, comes to-day's news of a defiant message from the Coalition Party to the Emperor.

That aged monarch now seems determined that he will make no concession to the Hungarians. He has declared it impossible for the Hungarian language to be used in the army. On the other hand, the Hungarians are in the most belligerent mood, which is clearly voiced by the interview with Dr. Emil Reich, which appears below.

There is every prospect of a terrible struggle, which may deluge Central Europe with blood.

[HUNGARIANS' PROTEST.]

Emperor Informed That His Programme Is
Unconstitutional.

BUDAPEST, Wednesday.—The Coalition Parties have issued a manifesto, in which, replying to the programme laid before them by the Emperor-King, they declare that some points of that programme are not in conformity with the constitution.

Referring especially to His Majesty's statement that concessions regarding the word of command in the army are and remain out of the question, the manifesto says that this would really abolish the nation's right to control its own affairs, or would cripple it without any legal ground.—Reuter.

HUNGARIAN OPINION.

Dr. Reich Declares the Emperor's Action a
Forerunner of His Abdication.

"The Austrian Emperor's amazing outburst to the Hungarians is a certain forerunner of his abdication."

This strong expression of opinion was given yesterday by Dr. Emil Reich, the well-known Hungarian scholar and authority on Hungarian politics, who is now a professor of the London University.

"Franz Josef," he continued, "apparently intends to end an inglorious career with a show of bravado which is a desperate confession of failure. His affront to the Hungarian leaders can have no other meaning."

"The decrepit Emperor-King's abdication will seal the victory of Hungary's cause, for his nephew will never be crowned without agreeing to that control in the army which the Hungarians are so tenaciously determined to acquire."

NO LONGER FEAR RUSSIA.

Dr. Reich explained to the "Chicago Daily News" correspondent why the Hungarians had every reason to pursue the struggle now.

"Hungary has chosen this year," he said, "because Japan's victories have made it unnecessary for us to fear bankruptcy Russia's interference, while the jealousy of France and England will prevent the German Emperor taking advantage of Austria's distress to plant himself astride across Europe from the Baltic to the Adriatic."

"The conflict between Hungary and Austria is between a living and a decaying organism," added the professor. "At Budapest there is life—at Vienna stagnation. We are tired of partnership with a corpse. We want to assume an Imperial role in South-Western Europe, and we cannot do this without control of our army."

EX-EMPRESS SELLS HER ESTATE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—The Empress Eugénie has, according to the "Petite Girouette," sold the whole of her property at Solferino to a firm of wood-merchants for about £200,000.

The buyers will exploit the immense forest for resins.

ALLIANCE FOR PEACE.

Anglo-Japanese Agreement Hailed
with General Satisfaction.

GERMAN APPROVAL.

The reception of the new alliance between Great Britain and Japan has, for the most part, been received with satisfaction throughout the world.

In this country the agreement is not only regarded as an imperative sequel to the old alliance, but as an only just and proper increase of the advantages to this country. It was generally conceded that under the first agreement England was really giving more to Japan than what she gained by the arrangement, but now the terms have been rendered more equal as between the two countries.

In Japan, of course, where the alliance was published at the same time as it appeared in London, the people hail the compact with pleasure.

JAPAN GRATIFIED.

Only Criticism in Tokio Is Suggested by the
Extension of Scope of Treaty to India.

TOKIO, Wednesday.—The new Anglo-Japanese treaty has been received with general satisfaction.

Many of the large business houses and public buildings were illuminated to-night.

The greatest gratification has been caused by the disappearance of all reference to the maintenance of the independence and territorial integrity of Korea, as well as by the retention of the pledges for mutual assistance in time of war.

The extension of the scope of the treaty to India is unwelcome in some quarters, but the general feeling is that the alliance will assure peace in the Far East for at least ten years.—Reuter.

"SOLEMN GUARANTEE."

Germany Thinks Alliance Makes for Tran-
quillity in the Far East.

COLOGNE, Wednesday.—Discussing the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, the "Koenliche Zeitung" says: "The maintenance of the status quo in Eastern Asia and the principle of the open door will be cordially welcomed by the Powers as being in every way justifiable."

"The preservation of the integrity of China is the best means of avoiding disputes which might arise out of attempts to obtain special advantages in that country."

"The alliance furnishes a solemn guarantee for tranquillity in the Far East and for peaceful rivalry in commerce and navigation."

"Germany has so often given proof of her strong desire to follow this path that when the Japanese Minister informed him of the contents of the Alliance Treaty the Imperial Minister was able to express himself just in this sense with regard to the aims of the alliance."—Reuter.

LEGATIONS BECOME EMBASSIES.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The "Gaulois" publishes a statement to the effect that Japan will shortly change her principal Legations into Embassies. M. Motono, the Japanese Minister in Paris, will doubtless, it says, be promoted to Ambassadorial rank.—Reuter.

CAPITAL OF £5,000,000.

Anglo-Japanese Shipping Company with Offices
in London and Liverpool.

The formation of an extensive English-Japanese ship-owning and carrying combine, with a capital of about £5,000,000, was announced in Liverpool yesterday. The chief office is to be in London; the management will be carried on at Liverpool.

The names of Sir Alfred Jones, Mr. R. D. Holt, and several China merchants were mentioned in connection with the new company, the offices of which will be those at present occupied by Messrs. Elster, Deane & Co.

The company will take over some forty steamers, varying from 2,000 to 8,000 tons, at various times acquired by the Japanese Government for transport work.

CERTIFICATES FOR MOTOR DRIVERS.

The Automobile Club has decided to hold examinations and issue driver's certificates. There will be two classes of certificates—for private owners, needing no renewal, and for paid drivers, to be renewed each year.

A new stamp has been issued in Tokio for use in the Protectorate of Korea, bearing the chrysanthemum as the emblem of Japan, the plum-blossom for Korea, and two pigeons, representing the postal service.

MR. ROOSEVELT A MIGHTY HUNTER.

Relates His Western Exploits in
Terse and Stirring Language.

THRILLS OF THE CHASE.

The sporting side of Mr. Roosevelt's character has an irresistible attraction when the President of the United States takes up his pen, as he has done in this month's issue of "Scribner's Magazine," to describe the holiday he spent in the spring of this year hunting bears in Colorado. We are given a delightful insight into the life that he loves.

To Mr. Roosevelt, "roughing it" is more than half the pleasure of such expeditions, and he has done it so often that we find no details given of the sparse equipment which he and his companions carried. But he tells us that they only had two meals a day—breakfast and dinner—with an interval of ten or twelve hours between the two.

BEARS HUNTED WITH HOUNDS.

It was the first time that the President had hunted bears in the mountains with hounds. The pack all told numbered twenty-six, with four half-blood terriers to help worry the bear when at bay. Two friends of Mr. Roosevelt accompanied him, and they also took two guides.

They had plenty of exciting sport, though no experience as thrilling as one to which Mr. Roosevelt incidentally refers, when he was regularly charged by a grizzly.

"To this animal I had given a mortal wound," he says, "and without any effort at retaliation he bolted into a thicket of what, in my hurry, I thought was laurel (it being composed in reality, I suppose, of thick-growing berry bushes)."

"On my following him and giving him a second wound he charged very determinedly, taking two more bullets without flinching. I just escaped the charge by jumping to one side, and he died almost immediately after, striking at me as he rushed by." Sometimes the President found hunting with the aid of hounds almost dull compared with hunting with only the rifle, though occasionally they had to "lead the horses up or down the most precipitous and cliff-like of the mountain sides." And again he tells how "the other hounds were slipped after him (the quarry), and down they ran into the valley, while we slid, floundered, and scrambled along the ridgecrest parallel to them, until a couple of miles farther on we worked our way down to some great slopes covered with dwarf scrub-oak."

THE "KILL."

Mr. Roosevelt gives a vivid description of a "kill." "He was a sullen, powerful beast. . . . Just as we came in sight of him, across a deep gully, which ran down the sheer mountain-side, he broke bay and started off, threatening the foremost of the pack as they dared to approach him." "They were all around him, and for a minute I could not fire; then as he passed under a pines I got a clear view of his great round stern and pulled trigger. The bullet broke both his hips, and he rolled down like the hounds yelling with excitement as they closed in on him."

"He could still play havoc with the pack, and there was need to kill him at once. I leaped and slid down my side of the gully as he rolled down his; at the bottom he stopped and raised himself on his fore quarters; and with another bullet I broke his back between the shoulders."

The bear was a big male, weighing 300lb. In his death struggles he killed one of the terriers and injured six other dogs.

There is a passage in the article which gives an insight into the President's keen zest for this exhilarating open-air life.

"It was good fun," he writes, "to be twelve hours in the saddle in such wild and beautiful country, to look at and listen to the hounds as they worked, and finally to see the bear treed and looking down at the maddened pack baying beneath."

After a month he had to return to his more responsible career at White House.

KING EDWARD TO VISIT SPAIN.

It was reiterated at the meeting of the Steel Institute, at Sheffield, yesterday, that King Edward will shortly pay a visit to Spain.

PRINCE OF WALES, G.C.S.I. AND G.C.I.E.

The King has been pleased to appoint the Prince of Wales a Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Star of India, and a Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire.

UNDESIRABLE IMMIGRANT.

A passport and a ticket-of-leave from a foreign prison were amongst the possessions of a Frenchman who was sent to prison for a month for begging by the Chiswick Bench yesterday.

SUEZ CANAL CLOSED.

Dynamite Ship Chatham To Be Blown
Up This Morning.

At nine o'clock this morning the dynamite ship Chatham will be blown up in the Suez Canal.

This will mean one of the most serious delays to the world's shipping that has ever been recorded. It is expected that the narrow waterway, used by the ships of every nation, will be closed for over a week, and the consequent loss to shipowners will be enormous.

The Chatham, which is laden with eighty tons of dynamite, caught fire in the canal, and had to be sunk at one of the "tying-up" places near Port Said.

It partly blocks one of the spots where vessels can pass each other, and the inconvenience is so great that even at the cost of long delay the explosion has been considered necessary.

ALL TRAFFIC STOPPED.

All traffic through the canal was stopped yesterday, and the trains stopped running at night.

Elaborate precautions to prevent accidents have been taken. The ship has been surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, at a distance of three miles. Electric wires have been laid down from the wreck to Ras-elch, over three miles away, and it is from that village that the operations will be conducted. To avoid danger to the water supply of Port Said the canal which conveyed it has had to be diverted.

Scores of steamers are already waiting at each end of the canal to get through, and there is intense excitement among the inhabitants of the district.

On only one previous occasion has the canal been blocked for over a week to all traffic, and that was when a steamship sank in the fairway several years ago. Yesterday, to avoid the delay, the Bibby Line steamer Yorkshire went through the canal from Port Said to Suez without waiting to discharge cargo or take in stores.

PEACE IN ALGERIA.

Moroccan Tribe Returns Raisuli's Mother and
Sacrifices a Bullock.

PARIS, Wednesday.—There are no differences now to be settled in the Moroccan affair, France and Germany being in perfect accord.

The sole object of Germany's delay was the limitation, and subsequently the definition, of the right of policing the Morocco-Algerian frontier, which France has exercised ever since 1845.

The situation in Morocco itself is pacific. The Beni M'Sowar have sent a deputation to Raisuli restoring his mother, who had been held captive by the tribe for some time past.

The deputation carried a bullock in honour of Raisuli, who accepted the peace-offering and expressed satisfaction at the return of his mother.—Reuter.

FISSURES IN THE EARTH.

Severe Seismic Shock Damages Nine Houses
in Sweden.

GOTHENBURG, Wednesday.—A severe shock of earthquake was felt at half-past one yesterday afternoon at Lundby, in the island of Fårö.

Subterranean rumblings were heard, and the houses suddenly began to rock so violently that inner and outer walls were cracked. The disturbance lasted about a minute.

In many places fissures appeared in the earth, several of them being a foot wide, and in the eastern portion of the island the level of the ground sank appreciably. Nine houses were more or less seriously damaged.—Reuter.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Baron Komura, Baron Kaneko, and the other Japanese peace delegates, have left New York for Montreal on their way home.

China has lodged a protest against the Russo-Japanese peace terms affecting Manchuria. A series of eighteen months allowed for evacuation is too long, she says.

The Irish Guards' band has been drawing crowded houses throughout Canada. It is declared to be the best band that has ever been heard there, says a Reuter message from Victoria, B.C.

Information received in London yesterday from Nagasaki states that the appeals in the case of the British steamers—the Powderham, Scotsman, and Vegga—have been rejected. The vessels will be confiscated.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Cold north-easterly winds; dull generally, with rain at intervals.
Lighting-up time: 6.44 p.m.
Sea passages will be rough generally.

ACTORS ON THEIR AUDIENCES.

Original and Amusing Comments on the Playgoer from the Stage.

Prominent actors and actresses have a well-deserved revenge in the "Grand Magazine" this month, for in that publication they are afforded an opportunity of giving their views on "The Psychology of the Audience." Here are extracts from some of the opinions:—

Mrs. Kendal: That the attitude of the audience changes from night to night everybody knows. On Monday it is usually dull, while on Saturday we get the liveliest audience we play to. . . . Pathos produces a great and more lasting effect than humour. . . . The public is a good judge—it may forgive the weakness of a play or player, but it is invariably right.

Miss Gertrude Kingston: I should set it down as an axiom that what appeals most to the audience is the truth. . . . When all is said and done this great fact stands out—you cannot affect an audience unless you have yourself been affected.

Mr. Cyril Maude: A Bank Holiday audience is always a bad one to play to. . . . A very trying audience, too, is that which gathers when the King and Queen are present. It is always more interested in their Majesties than in the play. . . . Another thing which affects the audience is the weather. . . . I am as anxious about the weather on a first night as people are who have got to play a picnic. A bright, cool day, with a light southerly wind, turning a little cold, is the best kind of weather for the actors, getting into sympathy with the audience, whilst his worst possible enemy is fog. I have known fogs ruin plays which have started with every prospect of success.

Mr. Martin Harvey: The audience that appreciates humour is far oftener met with than the one that appreciates wit. . . . The humour of drunkenness, as we see it, does not appeal to the Americans. . . . The audience which never fails to appeal to any audience is heroism.

Mr. H. B. Irving: After all there is something rather mysterious about an audience. . . . I do not think that even the most experienced actor always knows when he is producing his greatest effect on his audience.

Mr. Edmund Payne: In most theatres the actor finds his most helpful audience on Saturday. At the Gaiety I always find it on Wednesday.

Mr. James Welch: An old Lancashire proverb, "There's nowt so queer as folk," always seems to me to be particularly applicable to audiences.

"STAGE FRIGHT" EXPOSED.

Common Platform Terror Scientifically Dissected and Explained.

That terror of the actor and musician, "stage fright," was analysed and exposed by Dr. John Warrener, at the Trinity College of Music yesterday.

Nerves, he said, are not to blame, although many victims of "stage fright" often express a wish that they had no nerves.

The real cause is that the nerves are unbalanced. "People who suffer from unbalanced nerves are of many kinds—those who are both ambitious and lazy; those who began to study music too late, the result being to make them self-conscious; those who have been unduly flattered by their parents, or who have had home surroundings; and those who have defective blood circulation.

"No person who is absolutely ignorant is nervous, for nervousness is due to the consciousness of weakness."

DRUGGED BABIES.

Matron's Startling Statement as to Widespread Use of Laudanum.

"Serious injury is being done to child life by the use of sleeping draughts," states Nurse Greenhalgh, the matron of a large Manchester day nursing home dealing with more than three thousand children annually.

Children are not only sent to sleep by these concoctions, says Nurse Greenhalgh. Laudanum is often used.

"A few drops in water mixed with sugar is not considered out of place by many people, and in one case the nursing staff had to fight for six months before they could clear their charge from the bad effects.

"So persistently had the treatment been pursued that the infant's complexion was like that of a mulatto; and, against all the efforts of the nurses to keep her awake, the little girl would at the outset sleep for six hours during the day."

LONDON SAVED.

At dawn yesterday General French prepared to give battle, at Marlow, to General Schell's army advancing against London. The battle opened with a tremendous artillery duel in torrents of rain. The attacking army was finally beaten off "with great loss."

HUNT FOR THE TUNNEL MURDERER.

Police in Possession of a Slight Clue—How the Crime May Have Been Committed.

Who murdered Miss Money? That is the question every second person in England is asking.

For the moment great international questions have dropped, in the imagination of the general public, into second place as compared with the fate of the hapless girl who was found, dead and mangled, in the gloomy tunnel at Merstham last Sunday night.

At present all is still mystery. Only one thing is certain—that Miss Money did not seek her own death or met it by accident, but that she was the victim of a dark and foul crime.

Yesterday was a day of breathless activity on the part of the authorities. The tunnel, 1,800 yards long, has been searched for the girl's missing purse and any other things that may illuminate the dark affair, but nothing has been found.

At Miss Money's room at Messrs. Bridger's dairies, in Lavender-hill, Clapham Junction, her box has been opened without anything being found to help the inquiry.

A postcard, signed "C. B.," received from the Isle of Man early in August was found.

"C. B." stands for Charles Bellchambers, a Harrow young man, who knew Miss Money and wrote to her while she was in the Isle of Man. He could not possibly have written the postcard from Brighton, as he has never been there. He is in no way connected with the case.

Another postcard bore the message:—

Brighton, August 8.—As promised. Nice time here to-night. Hope you had good time also.

It is doubtful whether either of these discoveries will be of much use. What promises better as a clue is a discovery at Redhill. It seems that on the arrival of the 9.33 p.m. train at Redhill, at 10.15 on Sunday night, a man hurried at the train and showed a return ticket between London and Croydon. The ticket inspector collected the excess fare to Redhill. He says, however, that he is unable to recall what the man was like, as the train was very full, and a great many people were passing the barrier. He has reported the matter to headquarters.

The police attach some importance to this clue, and are making vigorous inquiries in London as to any man whom the dead girl could have met on Sunday night.

But so far they frankly confess themselves puzzled with the problem. It is the most mysterious crime for years past.

TRYST WITH A LOVER.

Facts That May Explain the Mystery of Miss Money's Death.

In the first place, whose interest was it to kill Miss Money? On the face of it she would seem to be the last person in the world likely to become caught in this web of horror.

A quiet, respectable girl, earning her own living as a book-keeper in Messrs. Bridger's dairies in Lavender-hill, Battersea, she is not known to have had a secret of any kind likely to throw light on her grim fate.

That she was murdered for money seems unlikely, though the purse she was known to have carried had disappeared when her body was found. She was too poor to be a likely victim of a murderer's greed.

Love—or what passes for love in the coarse mind—is as sound a maxim in these questions as the more conventional "Look for the woman." It is true that Miss Money was said not to be a girl with love affairs. At any rate, if she had any she kept them from the world. Both her brother and her employers are positive in asserting that she cared little for male society.

Dead Girl's Love-Affairs.

Still, a little knowledge of the world tells one that a healthy girl of twenty-two is always vulnerable, and, in fact, it has been ascertained that Miss Money had had more than one love-affair. None of the men, however, whom she knew some time ago are in any way connected with the present affair.

If a lover is at the bottom of the mystery, it must have been one whose acquaintance was made quite recently. Assuming that she had such a "friend," some light is thrown on Miss Money's movements on Sunday evening. This is what happened.

At 7 p.m. Miss Money left the dairy after consulting an A B C, and went to Clapham Junction. She met a girl friend, who offered to go with her, but the offer was declined. This significant fact is easily explained if a lover's meeting were in her mind.

At 10.15 Miss Money bought some chocolates outside the station at Clapham Junction. She told the girl at the counter she was going to Victoria. Whom did she meet there?

At 9.10 p.m. the fast boat-train leaves Victoria for Newhaven and Brighton. It reaches Croydon

at 9.30, and goes through Merstham tunnel a little before ten.

At 10.55 p.m. Miss Money's body was found. Death is presumed to have taken place about an hour before.

Now let us consider what might have happened.

Let us suppose that Miss Money had recently made a casual acquaintance, as girls in her station of life frequently do. Suppose she had an appointment with him at Victoria. Suppose, further, that he suggested her running down the line with him. Possibly he might be going on an ordinary journey, in which case he would ask her to accompany him part of the way. Perhaps, on the other hand, he might simply take a ticket to the nearest big station in order to be alone with the girl.

The latter theory is on the whole the more probable. Assuming this to be done, what happened? During the journey the "lover" may have shown his true character. Immune for the moment from interference, he may have forced his attentions on the girl in a manner which any modest woman would resent vehemently.

Theory of Murder.

There may have been a scene as the train entered the tunnel—loud reproaches, screams, an attempt to stifle them. The motoring vill wren round the girl's head would suggest to a villain a means of gagging the indignant girl. In her terror she may have made for the carriage door and succeeded in opening it.

Then what happened? Who knows? Was it a case of deliberate murder? Probably not, for the doctor is of opinion that the girl was still alive when she left the carriage. It is more likely that the assailant, whoever he was, merely intended to get rid of his victim, and the open door suggested the way.

This theory would explain much. It would account for:—

- (1) Miss Money's evident intention to travel by the train from which she was thrown, though she had no apparent reason to go anywhere down the line.
- (2) The veil used as a gag.
- (3) The bruises on her hand and wrist, suggesting the grip of a strong man's hand.
- (4) The injury to the roof of her mouth, apparently caused by a finger-nail.
- (5) The marks of a grip round her body.
- (6) The fact that no carriage-door was found open when the train arrived at the next stopping-place. The assailant would close the door after she had fallen from the train.

The fall from the train might have been due to one of three things:—

- (1) The girl fainted, and was thrown from the train.
- (2) She flung herself out in desperation.
- (3) She was forced to the door and pushed out.

DOCTOR'S OPINION.

Thinks Miss Money Was Attacked Before Reaching the Tunnel.

Dr. H. H. Crickett, who made the post-mortem examination on Miss Money, believes that she was the victim of an assault.

"Miss Money's assailant," he says, "first seized her by the ribs, as is shown by marks still existing—marks which were undoubtedly made before death."

"Then she was evidently forced back on the seat, probably by the knee of the assailant, who, releasing her ribs, placed his left hand on the right side of her chest, and with his right hand pushed the veil into her mouth."

He thinks Miss Money met a man at Victoria by appointment or otherwise, and they travelled together by the 9.10 train for Brighton, which passed through Merstham Tunnel at 9.53.

He thinks she was attacked before they reached the tunnel.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT.

The funeral will probably take place at Watford, where Miss Money's mother resides, and "where her father is interred."

Yesterday the Merstham police received an urgent message from the corner not to allow the body to be removed from the temporary mortuary at Merstham. It is supposed that a further examination of the body is to take place at the instance of the Home Office.

A FORMER ACQUAINTANCE.

Mr. Frank Butler has been mentioned in the case as a former acquaintance of Miss Money. It appears that he has not seen her for five months past. He knew her when he was only five years old, and received a cigarette-case from her on his last birthday.

Butler's mother describes Miss Money as a very shrewd, business-like girl, and not likely to allow a man to speak to her without introduction.

WINTER STEAMBOATS.

L.C.C. Thames Service Cannot Be Run at a Profit.

The L.C.C. feel that since a great many business men and women make use of their steamers they owe it to the public to continue the service throughout the winter.

But considering that even during the summer months the service has not been a great financial success, it is very doubtful if the financial year can be saved from ending in a heavy loss.

The great decrease in passenger traffic is clearly shown by the figures given to the *Daily Mirror* by an official at one of the busiest piers.

During a summer week he would issue on an average some 12,000 tickets a day.

This week he issues 2,500 per day, and in December he believes then the number will drop to 1,000 or less.

Five hundred thousand pounds were spent on steamers and piers, and the annual expense of running the service is estimated at £150,000. To make this pay 33,000,000 passengers would have to be carried a year. Throughout the year the boats do not carry ten million passengers—less than a third of the number necessary to pay.

Under the circumstances to continue the service throughout the winter—the avowed intention of the L.C.C.—looks like a heavy tax on the rates.

KING FOG'S EARLY VISIT.

Several Accidents in Liverpool Due to a Curtain of Gloom.

Fog has paid an early visit this season, Liverpool yesterday being enveloped in darkness.

The visitation was a particularly severe one, with the result that several accidents occurred.

Crossing from Seacombe, a ferry-boat, which was crowded with business people, was struck by the liner *Berwick*. A steel plate of the boat was carried away, and for some time there was considerable alarm, as someone shouted that the boat was foundering.

One of the cars ascending an incline was driven back upon a brewer's dray, dislodging some of the barrels. One fell to the ground and came to pieces, the contents streaming along the street, much to the concern of a number of loafers.

LECTURER'S TRAGIC END.

Dies with Dramatic Suddenness While Addressing His Students.

Particulars of a remarkably tragic occurrence at the Westminster Wesleyan Training College, Horseferry-road, reached the deputy coroner for Westminster yesterday.

Whilst Inspector John Cullam, of the well-known firm of Merryweather, was addressing the students of the college on Tuesday night, he had put them through fire-escape drill and other practices, he suddenly expired.

A more tragic ending than Mr. Cullam's it would be hard to conceive. Ringing cheers had just been given by the 130 students, who crowded round him to hear his friendly lecture from a small platform, and he was uttering the words: "Now, you young fellows who are in the full vigour and heyday of life," when he fell forward across the table gasping for breath.

Help was quickly forthcoming, but Mr. Cullam was beyond all human aid. He had succumbed to heart disease, from which he had long been a sufferer. An inquest will be dispensed with.

ROMANCE OF A STOVE.

Bread Pudding That Was Underdone After Five Hours Baking.

Incidents in the career of a cooking stove were dwelt upon at length at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday.

It was not an ordinary cooking stove—according to Mrs. Laura Johns, of City-road, who sued Mrs. Crichton, of High-street, Islington, for £1 16s. in respect of its purchase, because it failed to cook. The first thing she tried, said Mrs. Johns, was a bread pudding. After being in five hours it was not cooked. Next she tried some mackerel, but at the end of two hours the vinegar was quite cold. From ten till two o'clock a rice pudding was tried, with the same want of success.

Mrs. Johns's own partner, a stout old Judge Edge that he kept guard over the stove for five hours whilst the bread-pudding refused to be cooked inside. From his point of view it was a complete failure.

Mrs. Crichton said she tested the stove and found it perfect. His Honour gave a verdict against Mrs. Johns because he thought she did not understand the stove.

STATUE'S COSTLY RAILWAY TRIP.

A statue of Queen Victoria, over eleven feet high, which is to be unveiled by the Princess Louise on Saturday at Blackburn, arrived in that town yesterday, 232 having been paid for its carriage from London.

DR. BARNARDO'S FUNERAL.

Impressive Scenes in Miles of Dreary Streets.

REMARKABLE TRIBUTES.

To-day, in what fair lands, their eyes are dim,
Children again, with tears they well may shed,
Orphaned a second time, who mourn in him
A foster-father dead.

In these fitting words does "Punch," speaking on behalf of the nation, paint the universal sorrow and grief inflicted by the sudden death of Dr. Thomas Barnardo, the "human father of the fatherless."

London yesterday gave a striking proof of sorrow at the loss that will be felt in every quarter of the globe by those whom Dr. Barnardo led from haunts of vice and squalor and transformed into courageous and upright sons and daughters of the Motherland.

Never has a more impressive funeral procession been witnessed than that of the dead philanthropist from Limehouse to Barking, via Liverpool-street Station, for the long dismal streets of the East End were thronged with people anxious to pay a last tribute to one who had devoted his life on behalf of outcast children.

Every blind was drawn along the route of the procession from the Edinburgh Castle Mission Church, Limehouse, to Liverpool-street Station, and tears trickled down the cheeks of many a rough working man who had given up half a day's work to be present.

Overhead the clouds were dull and dreary, in keeping, as it were, with the feelings in the people's hearts.

At half-past eleven the procession was formed outside the little mission church in Limehouse, where the remains of the "waifs' foster-father," had been lying in state for the last three days.

At its head was the band of the Stepney Boys' Home and a huge column of 1,500 boys from the various Barnardo Homes followed, ranged four abreast, some mere children of four years old. Young and old alike showed symptoms of the depth of their sorrow, and tears kept welling to their eyes.

A Simple Inscription.

Behind this column followed the coffin in an open funeral car drawn by four horses and bearing the simple inscription:—

THOMAS JOHN BARNARDO,
Died September 19, 1905,
Aged sixty years.

In accordance with Dr. Barnardo's wish, the twenty-four pall-bearers consisted of the heads of departments in the various Barnardo Homes and the oldest members of the staff and deacons of the Edinburgh Castle Mission Church.

A pathetic feature was Dr. Barnardo's cab, led by Peer, for many years the Doctor's coachman. Then followed two carriages bearing Dr. F. H. E. Barnardo, of Southampton, Dr. Barnardo's brother, and seven members of his family.

Lord Brassey, who followed in about thirty vice-presidents of the homes followed in open carriages. The last part of the procession consisted of representatives of various societies not connected with Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

Proceeding at a walking pace along Courts-road to Burdett-road, the procession passed throughout the length of Commercial-road through Allgate and Middlesex-street, and reached Liverpool-street Station after being two hours on the way.

Flags were flying half-mast high, and along the entire route shops had their shutters up.

Grief-Stricken Waifs.

Many pathetic scenes were witnessed. At Leopold House, Barking, one of the homes for smaller boys, the little ones had been drawn up to pay their last tribute to their "foster-father." Choking with sobs, the poor little waifs stood at the salute as the cortege passed by.

On the left-hand side of the route cripples from the various homes lined the road to bid a last farewell to their benefactor.

Outside the little church of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society the cortege halted for a moment whilst a laurel wreath was laid on the coffin.

At Liverpool-street the procession was met by Mrs. Barnardo, Mr. Cyril Barnardo, and other members of the family, with a few personal friends. In order to prevent expense falling on the institution funds, an anonymous donor undertook to pay all the expenses for conveying the inmates of the homes by rail.

On arriving at Barking the procession was joined by the girls from the homes there. Slowly the cortege arrived at a large marquee which had been erected on the village green, when a funeral service was conducted by the Bishop of Barking, assisted by Canon Fleming, the Rev. J. Newton, and the Rev. A. P. McNeill, chaplain to the Barnardo Homes.

Afterwards the procession moved to the homes, where the body was placed on a catafalque in the children's church, and will lie in state to-day and to-morrow.

EEL-LIKE FUGITIVE.

Heathfield Derisively Bids Police Farewell Before Sailing West.

The friend of Heathfield, the man who escaped from Roath Police Station, near Cardiff, and has successfully evaded capture for over a month, continued his remarkable story concerning the fugitive in yesterday's Cardiff "Express."

After giving details of how on a second occasion he met Heathfield in Cardiff at the time when the police were in pursuit of him, the friend relates how he received from Heathfield a letter asking him to go to see him in a certain street in Barry.

The friend drove there, and was directed to the street by a police-sergeant, who little suspected that Heathfield was the man he was about to visit.

"Heathfield," he continues, "was sleeping on a couch in the back room, and I opened the door quietly without waking him. He was groaning in his sleep, and I shook his head.

"He jumped up, stared in a dazed way, and then started on seeing me and whipped out a revolver. Then he recognised me, and said there would be a funeral in somebody's family before he was caught.

"He was, he said, tired of the whole thing. He told me he was sailing early on Thursday morning. We sat talking for three hours, and then we quietly left the house without disturbing anybody.

"The ship was alongside the dock, and I went aboard with him. He had friends there, but had shipped before the mast. He said he would give himself up to the police when he came back. 'I am tired of this running about, afraid to show my face anywhere. If it was not for the missus and the children I would end it all, that I would.'

"He promised to write to me, and told me to look after the missus while he was away. Then he shook hands with me, and then Heathfield gave the police the slip again."

Yesterday morning Mrs. Heathfield received a letter bearing the Bristol postmark from her husband, who told her that he was sailing for Canada.

"If the police want to know where I am," he derisively added, "tell them to find out by counting on their toes."

EXPLORER ARRESTED.

Well-to-do Yachtsman Accused of Robbing "Missions to Seamen."

Mr. Marsham had before him at Bow-street yesterday Thomas Carado Kerry, described as an explorer, of the Royal Colonial Institute, Northumberland-avenue, who was charged on a warrant with stealing, on December 30 last, on board the steam yacht Pandora, a service box containing detailed books, the property of the trustees of the Missions to Seamen, whilst on the high seas.

Detective-sergeant Ashley said that at four o'clock that afternoon he saw the prisoner in Northumberland-avenue. He read the warrant to him, and he said: "There is not the slightest foundation for it."

On Mr. Ashley granting a remand, Mr. Lumley asked for bail, but Mr. Cohen, who not opposing the application, pointed out that the prisoner was the owner of the Pandora, and there was nothing to prevent him going away. There were other charges against him disclosed in the information. Mr. Lumley said Mr. Kerry was a man of position. This was shown by the fact that he purchased this yacht for £4,000. Bail was granted.

RURAL "FORTY THIEVES."

Mystery of Ten Horses Spirited Away from a Yorkshire Farm.

Mr. William Bailey, of Redcote Farm, Kirkstall, near Leeds, is endeavouring to solve one of the most singular horse mysteries that ever puzzled a farmer's mind.

Some time ago a man of plausible manners, apparently acquainted with several of Mr. Bailey's friends, arranged for ten horses to be turned out to grass on the farm. The animals came. Lean and gaunt they looked, but on the fare of Redcote Farm they waxed fat and healthy.

The farmer mentioned the name of the stranger to a friend, who at once replied: "Why, that's one of the 'Forty Thieves.'"

Growing suspicious, he locked the best of the animals in a stable; the other nine were left in the field, and the very next morning had been spirited away.

Mr. Bailey decided to sell the remaining horse to cover the expense of "cottage," but when his man went to the mart where it was to be sold he was surrounded by a gang of men, who made off with the animal.

SCHOOLBOY'S LONELY TRAVELS.

Missing from Tonbridge since Friday last, a schoolboy named Gage, aged eleven, who has been widely advertised for, has put in an appearance at his home in Ireland.

How he got there alone remains a mystery.

Hastings is to be turned into an "English Riviera" by a French syndicate, which will start a casino and winter garden.

FIRE BY ST. PAUL'S.

Gallant Work by Firemen in the Shadow of the Cathedral.

FAINTING WOMEN SAVED.

Exciting escapes, and rescues from a blazing building in St. Paul's-churchyard were watched by an enormous crowd yesterday.

Startled ladies who had been hunting for bargains in shops close by, workmen, office boys, and clerks from offices gathered in thousands to see the firemen carry frightened women down the escape. The steps of the Cathedral were crowded with the spectators.

The pavement was filled with shoppers just before noon, when suddenly there was a cry of "Fire!" and a group of terrified young work-women ran from a side door in Cannon-alley, a very narrow court running from the churchyard to Paternoster-row.

Close on the heels of the flying girls came a burst of flame. It was then seen that the premises above the shop of Messrs. Sitchbury, bootmakers, at 63, St. Paul's Churchyard, were well alight.

Across a Ladder in Mid-Air.

The scared shoppers scattered in all directions, and the flames rapidly ran up the ancient staircase and spread in the building.

Above the shop were the businesses of Mr. Smart, tailor, and Messrs. Mitchell and Watkins, picture postcard dealers.

Finding their escape cut off by the flames, three men rushed to the window overlooking Cannon-alley. A ladder was found, but it was too short to reach the ground. The narrowness of the court, however, saved the men from further peril.

Another fireman pushed across to the windows of an office opposite, and the three men crawled across this slender bridge to safety.

Meanwhile Mrs. Elizabeth Wells, the aged housekeeper, appeared at a window of the topmost floor appealing for help, while flames and smoke poured from the windows beneath her.

"Don't jump! Don't jump!" shouted those below. "The fire-escape is coming!"

Carried Down the Escape.

The fire-escape dashed up, and was run up to the window. A fireman ran up, and, catching hold of the now unconscious woman, threw her across his shoulder and ran down amid the cheers of the waiting spectators. As he did so the flames set fire to the upper part of the escape.

Hardly had she been saved when an eighteen-year-old girl employed in a photographer's was seen leaning out from a fourth-floor window and crying for help. She had apparently been attempting to escape by the staircase and been driven back by the smoke.

Another fireman promptly ran up the escape and brought her down. A few minutes later the roof of the room she had been in fell in.

Meanwhile a man had escaped by getting on to the roof and walking to the next building. The firemen, handicapped by narrow thoroughfares, fought desperately with the flames, for the old buildings surrounding the one alight would have readily caught fire.

After about an hour's hard work by a large force of men and engines the fire was put out. Two floors were severely damaged, and part of the roof of the building had fallen in, but, thanks to the energy of the firemen and the smartness of an office boy who ran off to the nearest fire-station directly he saw the flames, more serious damage was averted.

THE TWO DROMIOS.

Conundrum of Identity Which Puzzles Householder, Policemen, and Magistrates.

Early in the morning Mrs. Cooper, of 2, Starcotts, Kew Bridge, saw a man attempting to steal her fowls, and informed the police.

Police-constable Smith in the evening arrested Frederick Anderson, an elderly man, and took him to Mrs. Cooper. "That is not the man. It was his brother."

The constable went to Chiswick and apprehended the brother; but when Mrs. Cooper saw him she said he was not the offender. It must have been Frederick, after all.

Frederick was rearrested at Brentford, and when he was brought before the local Bench yesterday the police said the likeness between the brothers was remarkable.

The chairman, describing the case as astounding, ordered a remand.

FINED FOR SPITTING IN TRAMCARS.

For expectorating in one of the Brixton electric tramcars, three men were prosecuted by the L.C.C. in Lambeth Police Court yesterday.

Mr. Curtis Bennett imposed a fine of 10s. in one case and 5s. in the others.

"TO THE KING'S PALACE!"

Wives of the Unemployed Organising a Historic Demonstration.

Thousands of wives of London workers are gathering under Mrs. Will Crooks's banner for the "March of the Women" to Buckingham Palace.

Over a thousand women from Poplar alone are ready to march with their appeal for work to the very door of the King's Palace.

"If His Majesty could only have seen that meeting of wives and mothers on Monday," said Mrs. Crooks yesterday to the *Daily Mirror*, "I'm sure he would have done something for their husbands and sons."

"With a great army of women who have known the pinch of poverty outside Buckingham Palace asking not for charity but for work for their unemployed men, how can it be refused his aid?"

"We have not determined upon the date or the exact nature of our demonstration."

Mrs. Crooks is not a typical agitator. In the quiet of her simple home she appears rather as the good housewife than the Joan of Arc.

But she has lived through bitter winters with the starving poor, and it is her sympathy for the workless that will make her the heroine of the "March of the Women."

CORONER IN THE DOCK.

Committed for Alleged Offences as Trustee of a £20,000 Estate.

Considerable interest was taken in the appearance at the Wolverhampton Police Court of Archer Benjamin Smith, a well-known solicitor of the town, who has also acted as deputy county coroner.

He was committed for trial on a charge of converting, as trustee, £3,872 to his own use.

Since 1886, Smith, it was stated, has been sole executor under the will of Mr. John Crowther Smith, solicitor and ex-mayor of Wolverhampton, the estate amounting to £20,000.

There was a deficiency now of £15,000.

AUSTRALIAN'S LOST NUGGET.

Five More Arrests in Connection with an Alleged Confidence Trick.

In connection with the confidence trick, by which a young Australian engineer was robbed of a gold nugget and money to the value of £120, a remarkable development was made known at Tower Bridge yesterday.

Three men, it will be remembered, are already under remand, and yesterday five more men were placed in the dock.

They are supposed to belong to the same gang of tricksters, and stand charged with conspiring together to defeat the ends of justice by persuading Henry Smith, the Australian who was robbed, from giving evidence.

It was stated that a woman, purporting to be the wife of one of the prisoners, called on Smith, and later on introduced him to the five men, who, it was alleged, tried to induce Smith by bribes and entreaty not to prosecute. They were remanded.

NO "BRANKS" NOWADAYS.

Not a Matter of Barking Dogs or Crowing Hens or Chattering Magpies.

A young woman asked the North London magistrate yesterday to grant her process against a neighbour who constantly annoyed her over the garden wall. The application recalled the days when scolds were silenced by the "brank," which fixed the jaw.

Asked the nature of the annoyance, she explained that her unneighbourly neighbour made insinuations which she, as a married woman, very much resented.

Mrs. Fordham: I can do nothing. It is not a matter of barking dogs or crowing hens or chattering magpies. In such cases I might assist. If you cannot put up with it, move away.

10 Volumes on Sale Everywhere.

HARMSWORTH
—LIBRARY—

BOOKS TO READ.
BOOKS TO KEEP.

I/- EACH VOLUME COMPLETE.
NET. Five New Volumes Ready Shortly.

"MILK AND WATER" MEN.

"A Woman's" Indictment of the Opposite Sex Keenly Discussed.

IS THERE LESS MANLINESS?

Physical deterioration in the "sterner" sex is arousing a storm of controversy, especially among women. The following are a few of the letters we have received:—

NOT "SLOUCHERS."

Your correspondent invites us to stand outside a big metropolitan railway station and watch the badly, narrow-chested, slouching stream of men who represent the young commercial life of to-day. Well, sir, I have done so, but I failed to see them as she describes. I saw plenty of the ordinary type of manhood with sufficient colour in their faces and elasticity in their steps to denote that they at least were healthy.

I invite your correspondent to visit any of the polytechnics or like institutions in London and see the form of exercise they there indulge in, and, perchance, she will come away with a different impression after seeing the fine physique of the commercial life as represented there.

Then, again, she calmly asserts that if insulted we call a policeman. All I know is that if any body attempted to insult me too much I should not wait for a policeman, but make a bee-line for the inspector's nose and take the awful consequences. Newington, S.E. A BROKER.

DECADENT SPORTSMEN.

I have just returned from a visit to a country house, where a large party of men had been invited for the shooting. Their behaviour fully bore out the assertion made by the writer of your article as "milk-and-water" men that something badly needed to counteract the modern young man's slackness and love of luxury. As there were not sufficient motor-cars or carriages to convey all the members of the party to the scene of the shoot several young men, who would have had to walk rather than two miles, declined to go, and stayed at home to play billiards and bridge. The actual "sportsmen" who were attended by a small army of keepers and servants to save them any exertion save that of holding the guns to their shoulders, spent as much time over the consumption of an elaborate lunch in a special tent as they did in shooting. DIANA DISGUISED.

A ONE-SIDED VIEW.

I am much interested in your article on "milk-and-water" men, and I should like to point out to the writer that the saying, "Men are what women make them," is in the main very true. If men are degenerating into mere luxury-loving masses of effeminacy, it is because women have so taken upon themselves the tasks, duties, and pleasures which rightly belong to men, that in self-defence they have invaded women's province of luxury and comfort.

As a matter of fact, I believe that in the present day there is less luxury and self-indulgence among men than has prevailed for hundreds of years past. "A Woman's" article is very interesting, but essentially feminine and one-sided. M. P. Chelsea.

SOME EXCEPTIONS.

I fully agree that modern man is inclined to be too luxurious, and pays a great deal too much attention to his physical comfort, but we must not condemn the whole of the sex. One has only to glance at the pages of one of the many physical culture magazines, or pay a visit to a health culture camp, such as there was at Abingdon this year, to find that there are still some men left who really are men in the true sense of the word.

PHYSICAL CULTURIST.

Meklenburg-square, W.C.

MOTHERS TO BLAME.

A great deal, if not all, of the physical degeneration in adult life is through the direct cause of wrong treatment during infancy, and I think all your readers will agree when I say that the sole responsibility of the rearing of the rising generation rests upon the mothers.

I should advise our eloquent reformer to turn her attention to her own sex first, and endeavour to teach, or even show, mothers or would-be mothers the true and correct way to rear their children. Then, if conception comes to pass, there will be fair specimens of manhood to draw upon, and it will not be necessary to leave military training to do the work that should have been done by the mothers. HIT THE NAIL IN THE RIGHT PLACE. Highbury, N.

WHAT THE NATIONS SMOKE.

According to the American Bureau of Statistics, Belgians smoke most tobacco, consuming 6.21lb. per head, followed by the United States, 5.40lb.; Germany, 3.44lb.; Austria, 3.02lb.; Canada, 2.74lb.; Australia, 2.59lb.; Hungary, 2.42lb.; France, 2.10lb.; United Kingdom, 1.85lb.; Mexico, 1.89lb.; and Russia, 1.00lb.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Seeing a party of road-repairers at their mid-day meal outside her London residence, the Socialist Countess of Warwick invited them on to the terrace, where she gave them additional refreshments and talked to them for ten minutes.

Another case of disease healed by faith was reported from Morriston, South Wales, yesterday. Miss Olwen, Davies, a girl of sixteen, who had, it is said, prayed for recovery for many months, has suddenly become quite well.

Official recognition of the retirement from the ministry of "Ian Maclaren" (the Rev. John Watson) will take the form, on October 17, of an At Home by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Liverpool.

For the 500th time the annual state visit of London's Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Corporation to St. Lawrence Jewry, will take place to-morrow, prior to the mayoral election at the Guildhall.

It was decided yesterday to transfer the Cotton Exhibition at the Imperial Institute to Manchester. After the Manchester exhibition the collection will be taken to Liverpool.

All the resident officials at the Royal Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, have been ordered to be vaccinated owing to the prevalence of small-pox in the neighbourhood.

Miss Lilian Stewart Gladstone, great-niece of the late W. E. Gladstone, was married at Liverpool yesterday to Mr. Geoffrey Littledale Fletcher.

Manchester Police Court made a profit last year, through fines and fees, of £7,064, which has been paid into the city fund.

Salford Town Council decided yesterday not to approach Manchester with a proposal for amalgamation.

Sixteen divorce decrees nisi were made absolute by Mr. Justice Bray yesterday.

Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice, will be the guest of the Municipal and County Club at a house dinner on October 26.

Owing to the scarcity of herrings 200 Scotch lassies, who are at Scarborough for the purpose of curing and packing the fish, are unemployed.

At Bow-street yesterday an extradition order was made for Max Krause, charged with attempting to extort money from a German officer by means of threats.

Harrogate Kusaal is not to be closed in consequence of a financial loss on the year; the corporation have simply decided to reorganise the management.

Brought to Clevedon, Somerset, from the north by a family which had removed there, a cat has, after the lapse of a fortnight, arrived at her old home, 400 miles distant.

Not until the recent Welsh revival did John Roberts, of Llanegrynny, who died yesterday at the age of eighty-one, become a Church member, having been a Free-thinker all his life.

The Hackney Coroner yesterday severely rebuked the parents of four infants who had been suffocated in bed with their mothers. He remarked that abroad the good custom of handing down cradles from generation to generation prevailed.

Mr. Joseph Kitchen, of Westcombe Park, Kent, who died worth £10,350, directed that his business should be carried on by his clerks and assistants "at the salaries at present paid, and if it be converted into a limited liability company they shall receive 50 per cent. on the profits after 5 per cent. is paid on the capital."

EXCITING FIRE IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD YESTERDAY.



At a boot shop in St. Paul's Churchyard a fire broke out shortly after noon yesterday. Several people had narrow escapes, but no lives were lost. The photograph shows a pile of boxes of boots hurriedly thrown from the burning shop.

Mrs. Palliser, a widow in Thirsk (Yorkshire) Workhouse, has inherited the estate, worth £30,000, of her dead brother, a Londoner.

Sir Alfred Jones and the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce will entertain the Japanese Minister at a banquet on October 10 at the Adelphi Hotel.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs, part author of "Beauty and the Beast," has declined Mr. Cyril Maude's invitation to write another play. He prefers writing stories.

No fewer than 579 rate defaulters were summoned yesterday at Gillingham, where there is much distress owing to discharges from Chatham Dockyard.

Mischa Elman, the boy prodigy, will give the first public performance of Glazunoff's new violin concerto with the Queen's Hall Orchestra, on October 17.

"Hani-kiri," an entirely Japanese play, by a Japanese company, is to be the new centenary-raiser at the Savoy Theatre, preceding the nightly performance of "What the Butler Saw."

Applying to the Remford Guardians for out-relief, yesterday, a man stated that he had had sixteen children, fourteen of whom had died, and that he had "had to bear all the expense of burying them."

On receiving a sum of insurance money on the death of her husband, Mrs. Evans, of Port-y-Briwet, Penrhyn, at once offered to repay to the board of guardians the amount they had spent upon him during his last illness.

It is understood, says an Edinburgh correspondent, that the conference which was to be arranged between the leaders of the Free Church and the United-Presbyterians has fallen through, and that further legal proceedings are inevitable.

Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner, daughter of the late Charles Bradlaugh, stated at Northampton yesterday that her father's birthplace had been located at 31, Bacchus-walk, Hoxton, and that the London County Council intended placing a tablet upon the building.

The Liverpool Young Scots' Society have just reaffirmed their objection to the title of King Edward VII. They repudiate any intention to insult the King, saying, their only aim is "to further the moral and material welfare of Scotland."

Stunned by a fall from his bicycle, George Bishop, of Cirencester, Gloucestershire, wandered about the country demented for several hours. He was found and taken to his home, where he died yesterday.

"I am afraid you are too late," said the Highgate magistrate yesterday to an applicant for vaccination exemption. "The child was born in January. I am very glad we cannot grant a certificate."

Mr. Robert Fulton, the author of a standard work on pigeons, was found dead in a train at Rugby yesterday. Death was apparently due to natural causes.

Women and girls were stated to have formed the majority of the customers of a bookmaker who was fined £50 for street-betting at Middlesbrough yesterday.

Mrs. Fox, wife of the joint master of the South-wold Hunt, died suddenly at Girsby Manor, Lincolnshire, yesterday, from an affection of the chest.

Gog and Magog, the gigantic figures in the Guildhall, were yesterday, for the first time, lit up by electricity, after being thoroughly cleaned.

DEARTH OF RUBBER.

Prices More Than Doubled Within Three Years.

BAD FOR CYCLISTS.

"Rubber has gone up in price, and it is impossible to produce a good cycle or motor-car tyre at the present price."

This statement, made by a tyre manufacturer who prophesied that tyres would rise from 5 to 10 per cent. in price next season, was published in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*.

Striking confirmation of the manufacturer's statement is afforded by a study of the extraordinary rises in the price of this raw material, caused by the supply outgrowing the demand.

In 1902 fine Para rubber could be purchased at 2s. 4d. per lb., but since then there has been a steady advance. At the beginning of 1903 the price was 3s. 8½d., and by September of that year had reached 4s. 7½d.

In January, 1904, the market price per lb. had fallen to 3s. 11½d.; in January of this year it had jumped again to 5s. 1d. while to-day the price is somewhere about 5s. 7d. per lb.

GROWN ON TEA PLANTATIONS.

Rubber is now being extensively cultivated in Ceylon, the Malay Peninsula, Mexico, and many other equatorial districts, although formerly the world's supply depended largely upon the tapping of trees which grow wild in such great abundance in South America and the Congo region.

So successful has been the planting of trees that yield rubber that there is the probability that in time the tea industry of Ceylon will be of less consequence to the island than the cultivation of rubber. Already many tea-planters are inter-planting rubber on their estates, as it is found that the two plants will thrive together for several years.

According to the "India Rubber Journal," it is estimated that to-day no fewer than 150,000 acres of rubber are under cultivation in the world, Ceylon leading the way with 40,000 acres.

Rubber trees do not yield until they have been planted six years, during which period the capital invested thereon must necessarily remain non-productive, but there seems little reason to doubt that if rubber plantations were laid out on scientific lines and placed under the management of an expert, a very handsome profit would accrue to investors who are prepared to wait seven or eight years for a return upon their capital.

Capitalists are apparently becoming more alive to the possibilities of rubber cultivation, as many rubber companies have been recently floated, whilst others are still on the market.

ALLIANCE WITH JAPAN.

Stock Markets Improve on Full Details of the Treaty Published Yesterday.

CABLE COURT, Wednesday Evening.—There is a better tendency to report from the stock markets, and for this, of course, the details of the Anglo-Japanese alliance were chiefly responsible. With more liquidation going on in Kaffirs and one or two accounts being closed, and with the settlement details in progress, it was natural there should not be much business on behalf of the public.

Kaffir dealers in disgust seemed to be closing their commitments, and there was a very heavy tendency in this group, including Rhodesians, in the earlier part of the day. Later, the market rallied somewhat. In other mining sections, too, the tone was dull, and the expert report on the Etruscan property, to which we alluded yesterday, left Etruscan Copper shares very limp at 3s. 6d.

Consols were helped by the news of the alliance, and, in spite of the fairly general expectation recently expressed that the Bank rate would go up, bankers did not seem so absolutely sure of it to-day. In fact, at the close, the idea was that it would not be raised, and so Consols closed at 89½.

There was another good array of Home Railway traffic, and these seem to indicate that there is really something in the stories of the trade recently expressed that the Bank rate would go up, bankers did not seem so absolutely sure of it to-day. In fact, at the close, the idea was that it would not be raised, and so Consols closed at 89½.

In the American market also the feeling was much better, partly because if the Bank rate is not raised it makes it so much easier for New York to secure gold. In any case it is likely that New York will secure much of the £200,000 that arrives in this country next week.

In Foreigners the tone was better. Copper shares were helped by the good Anaconda dividend. Japanese issues were all put up on the alliance news.

There is continued buying of Nitrate shares, but the Chinese speculative group is dull. Argentine land shares are still wanted.

NOTICE TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1905.

IS IT REALLY "GENTEEL"?

THE "Daily Telegraph" has always made a special point of being "genteel." That is its watchword. It takes care to refine its words to such an extent that they will not shock. It breaks its ideas gently to its readers. It would not, for instance, speak of a dog or a pig. It would say "domestic animal." It allows no naked nouns in its columns. The nouns or thoughts must be decently clothed in appropriate circumlocution.

We picture the editorial staff of the "Daily Telegraph" as consisting of nice, porridge-fed old gentlemen, with carefully-combed white beards, looking exceedingly "genteel," sitting round a table discussing the great rainfall of 1857—a group of blameless Oldest Inhabitants of Fleet-street exuding reminiscences.

Charges are now made, however, that the "Daily Telegraph's" graphic reports of the battle of the Sea of Japan were "faked" wholesale, invented somewhere or other by someone or other who said he was there when he was not.

Can it be that those lengthy articles which appear in the "Daily Telegraph," two-column reports of the annual meeting of the Tea and Muffin Association, three-column speeches by a nobody in the House of Commons about nothing, and the cables from Timbuctoo relating to the sand there—can it be that they are not so?

Heretofore we have believed in the Tea and Muffin Association verbatim reports and the fol-de-rol speeches. We thought they must be genuine because they were so dull. Stupid things always seem to be true.

Can it be that those "genteel" old persons, who take everything down in shorthand and seem so solid and accurate, have been amusing themselves at our expense—that behind their painful, roundabout verbiage there lurked the grin of the man who is taking everybody in by making it all up as he goes along?

Those thoughtful digests of Blue-books, those Marconigrams from mid-ocean explaining that the wind is from the north-east and that there is a fog on the starboard bow—how about them?

And that dispatch from the West Indies describing the arrowroot crop, and the facts in the "By the Silver Sea" column? Are they as reliable as they look?

When faith once goes, joy departs. Our reverence for the accuracy of the Old Inhabitant of Fleet-street is not what it was. We feel as we should if a grandmother, after eighty years of apparent sagacity, had been caught robbing an orchard or found hiding in the pantry with her face bedaubed with jam. We should say to ourselves: "Is this an isolated instance, or has she been fooling us all along?"

A. K.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Nature is rich: those two eggs you ate to break, fast this morning might, if hatched, have peopled the world with poultry.—*Carlyle*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

IF Queen Alexandra decides to visit Glucksburg, in order to attend the wedding of Princess Victoria of Sonderburg-Glucksburg with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, which takes place there on the eleventh of next month, she will find herself once more amongst a number of old friends and relations. The Duke of Glucksburg is a nephew of the King of Denmark, and a cousin, therefore, of the Queen. The Duke's second daughter, the Princess Alexandra, was named after her Majesty.

The Duke's uncle, Prince John of Glucksburg, is one of the most interesting members of this family. Born in 1825, he will be eighty in two months' time, and is the only surviving brother of the aged King of Denmark. He is unmarried, and generally lives with his brother. The Queen, by the way, has seen something of almost all her hundreds of relatives abroad this year. In addition to the family gathering at Copenhagen, which included her younger sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, there was the visit to the King of Greece; her brother, in the spring, and now the visit to Glucksburg will bring her near countless cousins and other more distant relatives.

Sir Foster Cunliffe, who has just been elected Lecturer in Military History in the University of Oxford, has always been a specialist on this particular subject. He was more famous when he was

and get some beer, and never let me see you again!"

The retirement of Sir Richard Holmes from his charming position as Windsor Librarian, will deprive the King of one of the most distinguished bibliographical experts now living. Almost the whole of Sir Richard's life has been spent amongst books. As soon as he left college he entered the British Museum, where his father was Assistant Keeper of the Manuscripts, and began to lay the foundation of that splendid library which made the late Queen call him her "walking library." Queen Victoria had a well-founded faith in her librarian's faculty for identifying quotations. She used to send him little notes with a passage marked, and he was almost always able to return the paper with the book, and even the page, from which it came.

Sir Richard Holmes is an archaeologist, and a water-colour painter, as well as an authority on books. When a man becomes as omniscient as that he is apt to be regarded as an encyclopaedia for free consultation by friends. And certainly at Windsor, whenever anybody has an old coin, an old book or print, which he or she may think of value, Sir Richard is called upon for his opinion. Perhaps the number of questions that are asked him every year account for a certain peremptoriness of manner observable in him. He may wish to quell loquacity in the ignorant mass of mankind.

"Ouida's" eloquent letter in yesterday's "Times" suggesting that the Calabrian peasantry,

affection. It is only men who betray those who befriended them. The muzzling craze is a brutal folly and a disgrace to England. Accept this little half Napoleon for your savings-bank, and if ever I can be useful to you or your dog command me." Thus, on every occasion when cases come into publicity of animals suffering "Ouida" rises, with her calm contempt for authority, to the rescue. It need hardly be said that she is as actively as Mr. Bernard Shaw a denouncer of the women who think that they are improving their appearances by wearing birds transfixed upon their hats.

Festivities are to take place early in November at Yester, the East Lothian seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of Tweeddale, in connection with the coming of age of the Earl of Gifford, their eldest son, who has recently obtained a commission in the Life Guards.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE TUNNEL MYSTERY.

When a woman is murdered there seems to be a tendency amongst some persons to assume that the woman herself is an accomplice in the crime, or, at all events, that she has, by contributory negligence, connived at the murder. And she is treated accordingly.

It is hard on a young girl to be murdered in a train, thrown from the window into a tunnel, and to lie there dead and mutilated. We should any of us think it a hard fate for a girl of our own acquaintance. But I think most women would agree with me that the worst part of all is for the dead girl to be given over to a doctor who thought fit to describe the poor victim in the way the Merstham doctor has done in the public press.

In such cases as these a medical man is called on to give evidence as to the nature of the injuries received, to state his opinion as to the manner in which her injuries were received, and if they were the cause of death. But a medical man exceeds his professional duty in volunteering opinions as to whether the murdered woman was married or single, or had borne children, and to discuss familiarly the cost and style of her underclothing and her personal peculiarities. He draws, or seems to draw, inferences from her "clothing and rings of a cheap order," her shoes "with worn-soles," and makes remarks about her petticoat, and also about her teeth, which are uncalled for and unbecoming. And it is certainly no part of a medical man's diagnosis to assert that "so far as the face can be judged she was a woman of no special traits."

Why, one may ask, should she be a woman of special frailties, and who on earth made the Merstham doctor a judge of women's faces?

The age of the victim was about twenty-two; and not, as the Merstham doctor states, "forty or forty-two." After a mistake such as that, perhaps this gentleman will give up the notion of becoming a village Sherlock Holmes.

A WOMAN.

LIFE INSURANCE, ENGLISH STYLE.

I cannot understand, if "Surgeon" has really the experience among the working classes that he says he has, why he should talk of insurance companies as he does.

I do not profess to be able to teach "Surgeon" his business, but as I represent one of the finest life offices in the world I say that there is not a shadow of truth in his statement that "agents find out people who are in delicate health and induce their friends to assure their lives."

Let "Surgeon" take an agency for any assurance company, and however one-sided he may be he will find out what I say is truth.

CLERKENWELL.

WINTER HEALTH RESORTS.

In your paper to-day "Perplexed" asks for information concerning a winter residence.

An English one is required I think your correspondent would do well to try Penzance, Cornwall. We have spent several winters there and know the place well. The climate is, I think, the most equable in England. There is no really cold weather, the nights are very little colder than the days, and it is possible on almost every day to spend a good many hours out of doors.

BROADSTAIRS, SEPTEMBER 28.

(We have received many other letters unanimous in the praise of Penzance and other parts of Cornwall for winter residence.)

IN MY GARDEN.

SEPTEMBER 27.—The wonderful violas are still blooming. For more than four months these indispensable plants have been smothered with refined, yet showy, flowers.

Although old roots do fairly well the second year, young plants, raised from seedlings or cuttings, are preferable. Violas, although often planted out in the spring, as a rule make a finer show when placed in their flowering quarters in the autumn.

Gaillardias also are still masses of gorgeous blossom. Very pretty they look where stake and string have been dispensed with, for the flower-crowned stalks, drooping to the ground, have a charmingly natural appearance.

E. F. T.

THE EASTERN BEAT WELL POLICED.



an undergraduate as an athlete than as a man of learning. He was one of the best cricketers up at the Varsity during his time, and captained the eleven for one year. Then, although he had only secured a third class in Mods. and a second in history he was elected to a fellowship of All Souls, probably because, in obedience to the ancient regulations of the college, he was well born (being the son of a baronet), "moderately" learned on all but military questions, and could eat cherry tart in a way approved by the college dignitaries.

Lord Leigh, who was unable to preside over the annual meeting of the Brahazon Employment Society owing to a sudden attack of rheumatism, is generally very robust for a veteran of nearly eighty-two. He has long been Lord-Lieutenant of Warwickshire, and takes the most active interest in all the county affairs, attending hundreds of local societies and clubs, and being president of a formidable number of institutions for the improvement of the county intelligence and morality. It is said, by the way, that he has never been seen out-of-doors without a silk hat, and he would probably be like those astonishing people you may see in old prints who went so far as to play cricket in that uncomfortable head-covering.

Very popular in Warwickshire, Lord Leigh is celebrated for his kindheartedness. Once, so it is said, a policeman brought up to his fine house, Stoneleigh Abbey, a man who had been caught poaching in the grounds. Lord Leigh looked the culprit up and down with the utmost severity. Then he said in an angry voice: "Go into the kitchen

ruined by the terrible earthquakes of the last few weeks, should be assisted to emigrate to Australia ought to attract a good deal of attention amongst the now innumerable Englishmen who take an interest in Italy. "Ouida," whose real name, as you know, is Mile. de la Ramée, has now become almost an Italian. For years she has lived in a villa just outside Florence, and may occasionally be seen by curious tourists driving in the Cascine on warm afternoons, dressed in a half-early Victorian, half-Spanish costume, in a surprisingly upholstered brougham, and accompanied by the huge Spitz dogs which she seems to love better than any human beings.

Dogs are "Ouida's" absorbing interest, and she is probably at her best when writing of canine joys and sorrows, or else of simple villagers in Italy. Her more exuberant manner, with the Guardsmen whose hands are fly-white and have yet slain tigers in India, and who have faced torments in the desert, yet will not sleep under false fragrances—these amazing Guardsmen have made her fame, but are not really her best creations. It may be remembered that during the muzzling order some years ago "Ouida" showed her devotion to dogs by writing to a little English boy who had let his animal wander at large without the instrument of torture.

"I have seen your action," she wrote (alluding to the little boy's paying his fine with pennies from his own money-box), "recorded in the papers with much pleasure. Any devotion you pay to your dog will be repaid to you a thousandfold by his

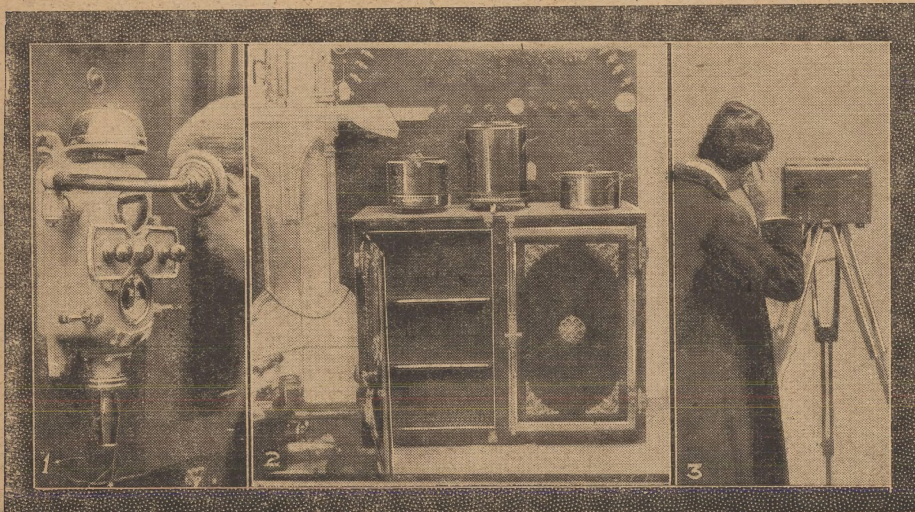
PICTURES OF THE DAYS NEWS

MIMIC WARFARE IN THE THAMES VALLEY.



In rain and cold, cheerless weather, the 1st Army Corps manoeuvres around Henley were continued yesterday. The photographs show—(1) preparing tea against the arrival of the wet campaigners; (2) a special favour, in view of the weather—serving out free beer; (3) bread-making in the field for the defenders; and (4) Seaforth Highlanders on the march.

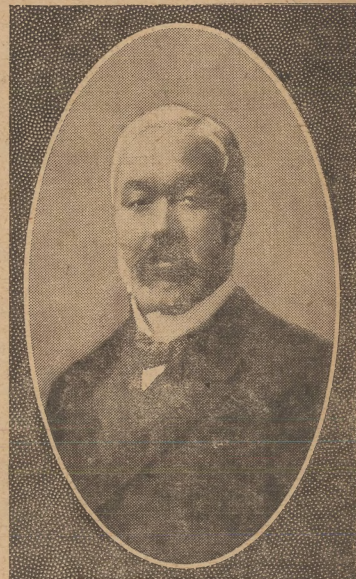
WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY AT OLYMPIA YESTERDAY.



The electrical exhibition at Olympia is proving one of the most interesting ever held. The photographs show some of the remarkable exhibits to be seen. The first is of a new naval telephone, which cannot be harmed by water; the second shows an electrical stove for keeping food hot; and the third is of a new military portable telephone.

NEWS IN

MEN WHO SIGNED THE AN



By the terms of the new alliance, the official text of the treaty, and each country is pleased to enter into a ten years' treaty, and each country is pleased to enter into a ten years' treaty, and each country is pleased to enter into a ten years' treaty.

NEW RACECOURSES



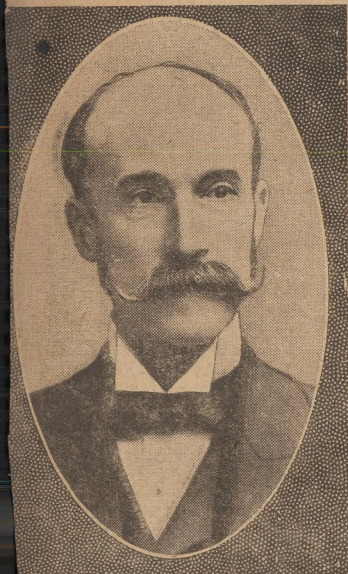
The new racecourse at Newbury has just been opened and reached within an hour. The photographs show the first race.

VIEWS



AMERAGRAPHS OF CURRENT EVENTS

GLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.



which has just been issued, England and Japan to come to the assistance of the other in the event of the alliance, Baron Hayashi, the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs.—(Lena Connell and

AT NEWBURY.



It is fifty-three miles from town, and can be members' enclosure; and (2) the finish of

FUNERAL OF VICTIMS OF AMESBURY TRAGEDY.



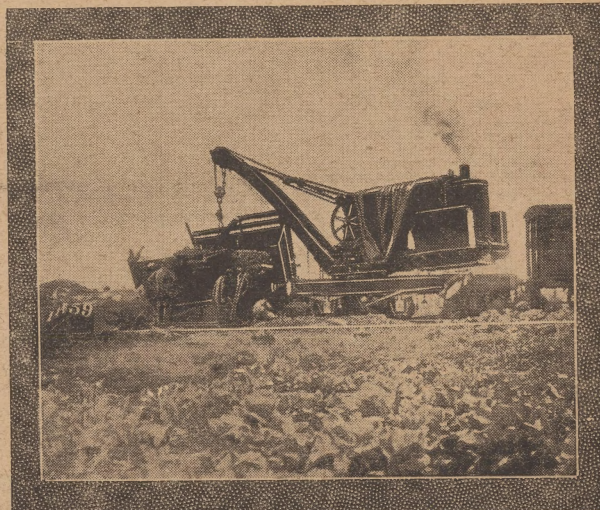
Very pathetic were the scenes at the burial of the six child victims of the Amesbury tragedy and their father. By Head's last request, all the bodies were laid in one grave, the six little white coffins being placed three deep alongside that of their father. The photographs show—(1) the wagonette containing the children's coffins; (2) carrying the white coffins into the cemetery; (3) the father's coffin; (4) men of the 28th Brigade Royal Field Artillery carrying Head's coffin; and (5) the scene at the graveside.

NORWICH CELEBRITY DEAD.



W. Childerhouse, the quaint bellman of Norwich, who has just died. During his twenty-eight years' service he walked 70,000 miles.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY SMASH.



In the collision which occurred at Ely between the mail train running from London to Ely and some goods trucks two post office sorters were severely injured and the train was cut in two. The photograph shows one of the damaged trucks being hoisted by a crane.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

How has no use for what you offer;
Lay it at another's feet.

"A priest! Father Connelly!" Sabra looked with a blank and stony stare into Luther Swindover's face. They were nearing the hotel; a blaze of light came from the glass-roofed verandah. She saw the complacent, triumphant grin on the young man's large, inexpressive countenance, and her lips curled.

"Yes," said Luther, "it was the funniest thing on earth. I'd determined to find you, you know. Look here, don't be in such a hurry! Here's a nice seat under these orange trees. Most romantic and appropriate, you know." He laughed boisterously.

Contrary to her inclination, and doing deliberate violence to her pride, Sabra sat down at the very edge of the marble seat. So disagreeably had the mention of Father Connelly's name impressed her, so great was already her mistrust of the priest, that she felt bound to hear in what connection and under what circumstances he had met this persistent and impossible young man, whose presence she looked upon merely as an annoyance to be got rid of at the cost even of the courtesy that she felt was owed by all human beings to an individual who had risked his life to save another. That had always been the basis of her acquaintance with Luther Swindover, and it would always remain so. She had told him so once, and she would not hesitate to repeat the fact, unpalatable though it might be to him. If it had not been for his accident and its cause, she would never have addressed a word to him in all her life.

"Will you tell me, please, when you met Father Connelly?" she asked quietly. "And how it was that he took it upon himself to give you my address?"

"I say, he's a rummy card!" interrupted Luther. "Is he a friend of yours? Didn't know you went in for that sort, Miss Sabra. He reminds me of a snake."

"My name," said the girl icily, "is Miss Valence."

"Hoity toity again!" cried Luther, with another burst of laughter. "I say, chuck the statue-on-a-pedestal game. It's not a nice welcome for a chap who's come half across Europe to see you the moment he could rise from a bed of sickness. I'm hanged if I feel like a fellow in a novel. Well, I was going to tell you about your friend the priest."

Something forbade Sabra to let that pass. "Father Connelly is not a friend of mine," she said. "He is a friend, or, at least, an adviser of my aunt, Lady Ursula Valence."

"All right, it's all the same to me. I did give you credit for better taste, though. Well, you know, you told me yourself that you were going to Italy. Bearly mean trick, I thought it, to run away like that. So I thought I'd wait until my sister was married and all the fuss was over—by the way, what d'you think of my sister's latest little game? Of course, you've read about it?"

"I think it is the most mysterious thing I ever heard of." She could not help the warm interest that shot into her voice. She had not thought about him in this connection before, as the brother of Fay, as having been on the spot, as being able, perhaps, to tell her something, some circumstance, some detail overlooked by the Press.

"Have you any theory?" she asked quickly. "Oh, midam, now you're talking!" exclaimed Luther, with an impudent wink. "The priest doesn't interest you, but the Honourable Dick's affairs do, it seems. Yes, I've got a theory right enough. I think my dear sister is simply playing a little game. The Lord knows for what reason she married that broken-down beggar."

A rush of flame dyed the girl's cheeks. "You will please remember, Mr. Swindover, that Mr. Danvers is a friend of mine."

"Oh, all right," he retorted sulkily. "Keep your hair on. I won't say a word against the darling. But my sister evidently couldn't stick him. That's as plain as a pikestaff, isn't it, now? She marries him, eats a bit of dinner with him, wishes him a polite good-day, as it were, and then does a bunk for the middle of the night, taking her best jewels with her. If you say that looks as if she fancied him for a husband, you're misrepresenting facts—that's all." Again he roared with laughter, as if delighted with his searching analysis of the motives of his sister's extraordinary conduct. "I am glad," said Sabra, with cold politeness, "that you do not think your sister has come to any harm."

"Not she," he interrupted carelessly. "Never knew a girl better able to take care of herself than my sister Fay. Oh, she's a deep 'un, and I'll be hanged if she isn't having a jolly good time somewhere or other, although what the devil she was thinking of to marry that—oh, I beg your pardon. He broke off, with a sneering laugh.

Sabra's voice cut the air like steel.

"I am very tired, and I wish to go to my rooms, Mr. Swindover. I shall be obliged if you will explain to me how it was that Father Connelly took it upon himself to give you my address."

"Oh, yes, the priest chap. Well, but I must begin at the beginning, you know. Where was I? Oh, I knew, where I felt so sick about your running away. Well, you remember, I told you I wasn't so very cut up after all that you refused me when I asked you to be my wife, because it would give me time to think it over and to find out whether I really wanted you—whether it wasn't merely a fancy that I took into my head while I was ill, you

know. Well, then came all the fuss about my beloved sister, and I had my hands full with the old man, who was like a raging lion at having been done, having given away the castle, you know, and a pot of money, and getting nothing out of it. Well, we won't say what since you're so particular and touchy about that chap you gave the chuck to—the best day's work you ever did in your life! But when matters had quieted down a bit, and the old man went back to his business and started running people right and left, just to relieve his feelings, I began to have time to think about you.

"I am honoured," said the girl drily. She could not keep back the retort, although she knew it was unworthy and would glance off his triple armour of conceit and ignorance and vulgarity as though it were a pin hurled against a battleship.

"And so you ought to be," he replied. "It ain't every day a chap like me takes a fancy to a girl. Well, the more I thought the more I knew that I'd spotted the winner—in the race for my heart, you know. That's a good 'un—eh? But I gave myself plenty of time, and my leg was still a bit rocky, so I did nothing but merely found out every day that I was more dead-ends on you than ever. Oh, I looked at it from all sides, I can tell you, and told myself how much better I could do for myself, especially with the old man so keen on titles and so mad about his sister. But then I backed down from the beginning, you know, and love came romping home. So, when there was really no more doubt, I bought a new motor-car, and wrote to your uncle, the old buck at the vicarage in those whiffy slums in Stoke Magnus, and asked him to send me your address."

"He answered the letter politely enough, but said he didn't know where you were staying at the moment. A good 'un for a parson, that!" So I wrote to the old lady at the female nunnery, but she never answered at all. And then I wrote to that big, handsome girl at the Settlement, or whatever you call it, and she wrote back quite friendly, and said she'd no idea where you were. They can tell some clinkers, these holy folk, can't they?"

"I had asked all my friends on no account to give my address to anybody," said Sabra. She turned a cold, dignified face to him, and looked severely into his eyes, that were filled with a light of bold and undisguised admiration. "All this does not interest me, Mr. Swindover," she went on. "I asked you about your meeting with Father Connelly. I wish to take steps to prevent him from repeating such an indiscretion as he has been guilty of."

"Well, don't be in such a hurry. I'm just coming to the priest." Luther's voice grew a little surly in spite of his overweening self-confidence. "I couldn't find your address, so I determined to look for you. I was ordered a change of air, and Italy is as good as any other place. Better," he added, with ponderous gallantry, "since you're here. Well, I made the car buff through France, I can tell you. I knew Italy was a large order, but there are only certain places that people go to. We went to Milan first, and I inquired at all the best hotels, but you hadn't been there. So we went straight down to Rome. Same inquiries—found you'd put up at the Bristol for a week and gone on to Naples. They gave me the address right enough. Wired there, and found you'd left the hotel some time ago, and they didn't know where you'd gone to. I was going to push on; I meant to get there, you know, and then—when was it?—two days ago, this priest fellow suddenly appeared at the hotel. He seemed to cotton to me at once; found out who I was, I suppose. Trust a parson to nose out money-bags! Well, we got to talking about Stoke Magnus over a game of billiards; he knocked spots off me, I can tell you. He told me that he'd been chaplain, or whatever you call it, at the nunnery—the good old goat—and then he talked about your uncle and naturally enough about you."

Sabra's eyes blazed with indignation, like great violet stars in the darkness; and she said no word.

"So I asked him quite casually if he had any idea where you were. He answered at once that he'd seen you not long ago in Naples, and that you were going on to Sorrento, where he believed you meant to stay for some time. And before I knew it he had wormed out of me that I'd come to Italy to find you. He's a smart 'un, that chap! Sort of turned you inside out before you knew it, and all with a smile like an infant in arms. He said there was only one hotel in Sorrento where you'd be likely to stay. So, of course—"

But the girl had sprung to her feet. Her blazing eyes took him aback for a moment, and his amazing flow of language was cut short.

"You told him that you had come to Italy to find me," she said, in a voice that shook with rage. "How dared you? It was a piece of the grossest impudence. It is the most disgraceful, the most unpardonable piece of insolence I have ever heard of."

"Hang it all, it's the truth! I say, do sit down again."

"I have heard what I wished to hear. I shall take steps to prevent this annoyance, and I forbid you to speak to me again."

She turned on her heel, almost before he had realised her intention and raised his heavy body from the seat, she had reached the brilliantly-lighted verandah of the hotel and disappeared.

The next morning, as she sat at breakfast, a message was brought to her. Mr. Swindover presented his compliments and wished to know at what time

(Continued on page 13.)

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!

Second-hand, must be sold. Just removed from a large boarding-house in Weymouth. The dining-room comprises a very fine collection of oak furniture, upholstered in real leather, the whole suite complete, £49; very handsome sideboard to match, 6ft. wide, £47; very fine real Turkey carpet, £45 15s.; large size dining-table, £35 5s.; oak overmantel, £22 10s.; also a very fine collection of drawing-room furniture, comprising a very fine Louis XIV. suite, consisting of 9 pieces, upholstered in rich silk, price for immediate sale, £10 10s.; Chippendale design cabinet to match, £7 7s.; very fine finish, all-brass fender and brasses, 14s. 6d.; 2 small tables, 14s. 6d. each; 1 black overmantel, 30s.; also small cabinet, 28s. 6d.; 1 seven-piece drawing-room suite, 65s., great bargain. The morning-room consists of very fine carved framed suite, £4 4s.; walnut overmantel, 22s. 6d.; 1 carpet, 17s. 6d.; rug to match, 7s. 9d.; dining-table, 27s. 6d.; also some very fine bedroom furniture, 15 solid walnut bedroom suites, £7 5s.; 3 Sheraton bedroom suites, £13 10s.; two 6ft. bedroom suites; 10 single bedroom suites, £2 15s. each; 20 all-brass bedsteads, from 42s. each; black-and-brass bedsteads, from 10s. 6d. each. The above lots must be sold. Two very fine pianos, price £14 10s. and £16. Call at once and inspect these goods. The whole lot are stored and can be seen any day from 9 till 9 o'clock at the Hackney Furnishing Co. Furniture Depository, 1, 2, 3, 4, Town Hall-building, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, The Grove (adjoining Mare-street), Hackney. The above lots will be stored free for 12 months. All goods bought will be delivered and packed free. Kindly note we close Thursdays, 4 o'clock.



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THE GUINEA VERSE!

A CHEQUE FOR £1 1s. has been sent to the writer of this linerick—Mrs. A. E. R., 46, St. Gabriel's-road, Cricklewood.

There was an old maid of Bagdad
Whose washing was veng her mad
A Friend said "Why scrub
With bad soap in the tub
When 'Sapon's' so easily scrub."

WIN A GUINEA! Prize Linerick published every Saturday. Best verse about "SAPON" wins each week. "SAPON" wrapper must be enclosed. Address: "Linericks," 21, "SAPON" (Oatmeal) Washing Powder, London.



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POSITIVELY
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To H.M. the King.

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DUMMY STAGS FOR KAISER'S HUNTING CASTLE.



Executed in bronze, these magnificent statues have just been removed to the Kaiser's Castle at Rominten, where M. Witte is the guest of his Majesty this week.

HOLBORN STRIKERS.



Two pickets patrolling Holborn from Messrs. Wallis's, where the French police here are on strike.

A TALK TO MOTHERS ON BABY REARING.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the right feeding of infants. If the food given in infancy is right, strong bodies, powerful muscle, and energetic brains will be built up; but if, on the contrary, the food given is not perfectly suited to all the purposes of infant life, mischief may be done that it is impossible to repair. No more striking proof of the excellence of "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" can be given than the fact that its use has been adopted in so many Royal Nurseries. The fact of its selection in cases where obviously the very best medical advice is available speaks volumes, especially when one considers the diversities of climate and of medical practice in the different countries.

THE PROBLEM OF DIGESTION.

Everyone who has had practical experience of bringing up infants knows that the danger of indigestion is an ever-present one. Food which is quite suitable for grown-ups seriously upsets the digestion of infants, causes pain and discomfort, and fails to nourish properly or build up the body. Worried by the sight of the child's discomfort, the mother or nurse is tempted to use a pre-digested food of some kind, so as to relieve the digestive organs from further effort. This is, of course, going to the other extreme. Instead of the digestive organs having too much work to do they are thus relieved of all, with the inevitable result that from a want of exercise they become weakened.

WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE.

Obviously a food for infants should not impose an undue burden on the digestion, though it ought at the same time to exercise and develop the digestive powers. That is one of the great points in favour of "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids," and that is why babies who are fed on it are so free from rickets, scurvy, and other infantile ailments, and make such marked progress in every direction and grow to become strong boys and girls, and vigorous men and women. Strong evidence of the merits of the food is found in the fact that parents and even grandmothers who were themselves brought up on the Food are now giving it to their children and grandchildren. You cannot possibly do better than follow the example of those referred to and also that of the innumerable doctors who use "Savory and Moore's Best Food" in their own families.

WHAT DOCTORS SAY.

We quote two opinions of doctors on "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" out of hundreds we have received: "I reared numbers of children (as well as my own seven) on 'Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids' in India and at home. I always recommended it, and am often thanked for the good advice." "Dr. W.—finds 'Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids' agrees better with the children than any other, and always recommends it to his patients as being by far the best assimilated by delicate infants."

A NURSE'S OPINION.

"I am a nurse, and have brought up five babies from the infant entirely on 'Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids.' I took a very delicate child of six months once that had been tried with several foods, and nothing agreed with her. I tried her with your food, a very little to a bottle at first, and at twelve months she was a very fine child with ten teeth. I am now bringing up a child on your food, and it is a splendid child; the doctor that vaccinated him asked me what I fed him on, because he is such a fine healthy boy. The last baby I brought up was the child of an officer, and had to travel and had a great many changes of milk; but she was brought up on your Food, and though very tiny when she was born she got to be a very fine child, and at twelve months had twelve teeth, and never had any illness."

STRENGTH FOR THE AGED AND INVALIDS.

Every statement made as to the excellence of "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" applies quite as much to invalids as to infant feeding. It is enjoyed, and is well digested, and retained when every other food fails. One reason why it is so much appreciated by invalids, the aged, and those whose digestion is weak is that it may be prepared in so many different ways without either its digestibility or nutritive value being in the slightest degree impaired. Those who have the care of convalescents and others we have mentioned will do well to give a trial to "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids."

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

Messrs. Savory and Moore are very anxious that parents, nurses, and others should convince themselves of the virtues of their "Best Food for Infants and Invalids," and they therefore offer to send a large trial tin in return for six penny stamps. A most useful and interesting booklet, forming a valuable little Guide to infant health feeding and progress, will also be sent post free, together with directions as to the way to prepare "Savory and Moore's Best Food" for invalids and the aged, or the booklet will be sent by itself in response to a postcard. "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores in tins at 2s., 2s. 6s., and 10s. The large trial tin will be sent post free for six penny stamps by Messrs. Savory and Moore, Limited, Chemists to the King, 148, New Bond Street, London, W. to all who mention the *Daily Mirror*.

LADY LABOUR LEADER.



Mrs. Will Crooks, who will lead a deputation of women to see the King on the unemployed question.

DOOMED TREES IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.



Felling the trees in Kensington Gardens which have been condemned as unsafe. This action was forced upon the authorities by a recent fatal accident to a nursemaid, through a withered tree being blown down in a gale.

SIDELIGHTS ON YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

Interesting Paragraphs Concerning Current Events.

A Chinese Delicacy.

The China egg proper must be a wonderful delicacy by the account which the "Creamery Journal" publishes of it. It reaches perfection when it has become almost completely green, as the result of several years of burial in chalk or sawdust. The price for such eggs rivals that given in this country for the choicest wines.

The Portuguese Brighton.

Cascoes, the little coast town where the King and Queen of Portugal arrived yesterday, was the spot, according to local tradition, where Christopher Columbus was wrecked on one of his voyages of discovery. Cascoes possesses mineral springs, and on account of its royal patronage is becoming the fashionable seaside resort of Portugal.

Warned Off!

The comparative immunity of the workhouse at Wighton, Cumberland, from tramps has for long excited the envy of other boards of guardians. The secret is now disclosed by a contractor, who states that the material he supplies for stonebreaking in the casual wards is of such hard quality that, as a general rule, tramps fight shy of the workhouse.

More Important Than Beauty.

Advice on the value of good appearance and manners to the woman who is setting up in business on her own account is given by a writer in the "Lady." "Good appearance," the writer explains, "does not necessarily mean good looks, but neatness and taste in dress, and a certain quiet dignity; and a good manner means the additional

personal touch of courteous attention, the pleasing smile, and the air of savoir-faire which finish the well-bred woman's attractions, and are of more importance than beauty in determining whether the general effect shall be pleasing or the reverse."

President's Son at Harvard.

Probably no educational institution has received such munificent gifts from private individuals as Harvard College, where Theodore Roosevelt, the President's eldest son, has just begun his college career. Mr. Pierpont Morgan, comparatively recently contributed \$250,000 towards new medical buildings. Mr. James Stillman, of New York, has provided a magnificent hospital for Harvard men, while a handsome hall to the college buildings was erected at enormous cost by Mr. and Mrs. Robins, of New York, in memory of their son.

Cured by Baking.

Baking alive is said to be the latest thing in American medical science. Three large human bakeries are in operation in the United States, and the baking of persons up to 400deg. Fah., which is 188deg. above the boiling point of water, has, says the "Family Doctor," been found quite possible without danger to the human system. The temperature is gradually raised. At 200deg. one ex-

periences a dreamy sensation, and from this point up to 280deg. the baking experience is really quite pleasant. In some conditions from 350deg. to 400deg. Fah. are necessary. Some remarkable cures are reported. Persons have been able to walk after years of affliction with deforming rheumatism, and in certain cases chronic forms of disease have been cured.

Daring Musical Prodigies.

There is no limit to the daring of child musical prodigies. Max Dorewski, aged ten, has obtained permission from the magistrates to undertake the task of conducting the massed bands of no fewer than 5,000 performers at the Crystal Palace next Saturday evening. Franz Vecsey, the boy violinist, no less daring, has, "Woman's Life" informs us, challenged Prince Eddy of Wales to a foot race while on a visit to Buckingham Palace, and, moreover, given him a decisive beating.

About a Catch-word.

A contemporary states that Mr. G. R. Sims has given London a new catch-word in the "What, what?" of the humorous policeman whom he introduces into his review at the Palace Theatre. As a matter of fact, "What, what?" as a catch-word, was made familiar to Londoners months ago by a popular music-hall comedienne, and is already passing into the category of sayings which are just as well left unsaid.

The Bank Clerk's Lot.

"Truth" calls attention to the fact that a provincial bank clerk, who has just been sent to prison for embezzlement, had to act as manager of a sub-branch on a salary of £70 a year! Nothing is more common than to hear people expatiate on the enviable lot of the bank clerk in country towns, where the stated hours of business are from ten to three or four. As a matter of fact, his working hours are much longer than those which appear on the deceptible, while in many cases he receives a wretched salary, has to keep up appearances on it, has few chances of good promotion, and is not allowed to marry unless he has private means until his salary amounts to a certain sum, which, through no fault of his own, it may take years to obtain.

6

pages — The London "Evening News," which is the evening edition of the "Daily Mail."

ORDER IT.

WOMEN'S BUSINESSES—A PUBLISHER, PRINT SELLER, AND POTTERY DESIGNER.

BUSY TRADERS AND THEIR CRAFT.

A STUDY OF BONES INSPIRES AN INDUSTRY.

The business of publisher and print-seller is quite a new one for a woman to embark upon. Miss Pamela Coleman Smith set up shop at "The Green Sheaf" in Park Mansions-arcade as a producer of hand-coloured prints; now she is publishing fascinating books of the absolutely unique characteristic that they are also coloured by hand. Her desire is to prove that this can be done as cheaply and with far better effect than by the three-colour process.

Jamaican Stories.

Among the most interesting books Miss Coleman Smith has published are plays by Miss Alma Tadema and charming fairy stories written and illustrated by herself, the very Jamaican stories, by-the-by, by which she made her name as an entertainer. Then there are delightful prints framed in the "passe partout" style, showing quaint designs with graceful Early Victorian figures or portraits. There are postcards, almanacs, and Christmas cards; and a most fascinating advertisement card showing a dainty lady holding a purple hat with a red rose in it was designed and made here.

Good as are the designs, it seems almost impossible that any printed pictures could possess so much charm until one realises it is the fact of the hand colouring that imparts it. It took four years to perfect the process by which it is done, and now an expert who has seen the result says that it approaches nearer than anything else has done to what the pre-Raphaelites aimed at. Red—the colour of gladioli—and bright green, are Miss Smith's favourite colours, and when asked if she did not consider the latter unlucky, she declared that Friday and the number thirteen and green were all lucky to her. But it is good luck or just talent and hard work which have made a success of that little publishing and print-selling business?

Is It a Frog?

On a shelf in her shop Miss Smith's interviewer noticed a curious piece of china. "Is it a frog?" was the question. "No, it is a Smiley Pogg," was the reply which led the interviewer to seek out Miss Villiamy, the designer of Smiley Pogg, and pottery in general, at No. 6, Pitt-street, Kensington. Here the good news was heard that Queen Alexandra was delighted when she saw these curious pottery beasts, and promptly bought one.

Among other curiosities is an Alpha Beta puppy, one of the newest designs. It is really a spotted dog with the spots in the form of the letters of the alphabet. It can easily be imagined how small children delight to practise their nursery erudition upon it! Besides these strange ornaments there are door plates, and jugs, and fern pots, and all sorts of utilitarian articles. But what puzzles the inquiring mind all the time is, where did all the

extraordinary designs come from? They were all actually suggested by a study of bones.

Miss Villiamy gets a bone and looks at it just as another woman might gaze into the fire or up at the clouds, and fancy she could trace all sorts of outlines there. When she was at Alexandra House, a favourite home of art students, she used to get

the cook to keep her a regular little graveyard of rabbit and other bones, from which she evolved the curious pots which soon found a market. And now that she, too, has "set up shop," she collects her inspirations for the shapes and forms of her wares from bones saved for her in the dissecting-room of the Zoological Gardens.



A useful and becoming autumn suit, made of cinnamon brown tweed, trimmed with darker coloured velvet.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

Miss Vallance would be ready to start on an excursion in his motor-car.

Miss Vallance thanked Mr. Swindover, but she had a great deal to do, and could not avail herself of his kind invitation.

The servant returned.

Would Miss Vallance grant to Mr. Swindover the extreme favour of going down into the garden, as he was anxious to have a few moments' conversation with her?

These messages passing through servants! It was monstrous! The girl was white to the lips, and she suddenly rose from the table and left the room, with an expression on her face that no one had ever seen before.

Luther was lounging on the terrace, with his eyes fixed on her balcony. He wore the lightest of clothes and a Panama.

He rose and limped towards her; he was still obliged to use a stick when walking.

"I say, you do look in a wax!" he exclaimed.

"I have come to tell you that I will not submit to this persecution," she said, her voice white hot with fury. "Do you understand? If you do not leave me alone, I shall speak to the manager of the hotel."

"Well, I told him, when I asked whether you were here, that I was a great friend of your family, and had been asked to look you up, so it would look a bit rummy, wouldn't it?"

Sabra's face crimsoned. She had the hatred of talk and scandal common to her class. She looked with an indescribable expression into the young man's heavy, grinning face, with the bold and malicious eyes.

"Then I must appeal to your—she made a significant pause, "sense of decency—"

"Oh, I say, why don't you come morning?"

"I have already declined."

"Well, then get off your perch and give me a straight answer. When are you going to chuck all this rot and become properly engaged to me?"

"Surely, Mr. Swindover, you understand by now

that I have no intention of ever doing such a thing."

"You mean that you'll never marry me!"

"Most certainly, I mean that."

"Then what do you suppose I've come all this way for?"

"I cannot imagine that you have been labouring under any misapprehension. I made myself quite clear on the subject at the Settlement."

"You know," he said suddenly, "some chaps like a girl to be coy. I'm not that sort."

She shrugged her shoulders. She was quite calm now. Contempt is a great aid to self-control.

"How long are you going to stay here?" she asked.

"As long as you do."

"If you stay, I shall leave to-day."

"Then I shall follow you. You've no idea how serious I am."

She turned on her heel. Words failed her; she knew of none that could give expression to her feeling, and, if she had, she would not have used them.

She walked with head erect, and she heard Luther's heavy, slightly-dragging footsteps behind her.

Just before she reached the hotel, a page-boy came out with a telegram, which he handed to her.

Somehow, a sense of disaster came over her, as so often she touched the paper. Her fingers trembled. The thought of these two months of entire self-absorption stung her. The time had been so long; she had lived in a dream. It seemed that she was awakened to life again and instinctively she knew that it was by a rough hand.

Luther was by her side. She had not opened the telegram; it still fluttered in her fingers.

"Look here, read it!" he said. "Are you afraid to open it? Shall I? I say, don't look so jolly sick. I don't expect it's anything."

The goad of his voice was sufficient. She tore open the telegram, and read:—

"Your uncle is ill. Fear complications. Come back at once.—Mortimer."

Dr. Mortimer! He was no alarmist; he knew the doctor intimately; and he told her to come back at once.

"Oh, the dear, kind, gentle old man! Why had she left him? He spent his life in the service of others; and he had no one to take care of him."

Luther Swindover saw her turn deadly white. As in all times of stress, the man asserted himself, the weakest man over the strongest woman. The very tone of his voice changed.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Tell me. What can I do?"

She only heard another voice. As a human being, she had forgotten his existence.

"My uncle," she murmured. "He is ill—very ill. I must go at once."

He walked beside her into the hotel. Here difficulties awaited her. Her maid was told to throw things into a bag. She would go alone, and leave the woman to follow with the luggage. But there was no train to Naples for several hours, and even if she waited, she could not get there in time to catch the express to the north.

Luther found her almost in tears, confronting the manager, who bowed, with outstretched hands, expressing infinite regret, but could do nothing.

"What's that? No train!" cried the young man. "What does that matter? There's the car. I'll take you to Naples as soon as any train that ever crawled along one of these rotten lines. Go and get ready. I'll order the car."

The manager retired, bowing, and deeming the difficulty disposed of.

But Sabra suddenly raised her eyes to Luther's face, realising who he was. Resentment flamed up; something she saw in his expression, a gloating look under the superficial sympathy, turned her face to stone and her voice to ice.

"Thank you, Mr. Swindover, I will wait for the train."

"Oh, rot!" he answered roughly. "I see your game. Of all the infernal pride! Well, take the car, then. I won't come. Will that satisfy you? The man shall take you and bring the car back."

He saw her face illumined by the uttermost relief. "You've no idea how dead serious I am," he muttered under his breath.

(To be continued.)



PRETTY WOMEN TAKE CARE

Beware of Autumn days and Autumn nights; they are changeable, damp and dangerous. Your system is run-down; your blood is full of impurities; and your kidneys are too weak to throw off those impurities, which will emerge through the skin, and your pretty face will be ruined by eruptions, roughness, pimples and boils.

You are not hungry, and you have no strength; you don't eat, yet you need nourishment. Your stomach is weak. The result is: constipation with sick headaches, and that yellow or earthy complexion which disfigures the face; digestion is slow and painful; after meals you invariably have an overpowering desire to sleep.

You are pale, your eyes are dull, your step is languid, your limbs tremble when you take the shortest walk, and you feel constantly faint and weary.

Do not resort to violent purgatives, which only weaken you more. You sorely need a tonic.

Dr. Williams' pink pills are the most valuable tonic for women. They give blood, of which you have too little. They purify the blood, and the little you possess is impure. They give tone to the nervous system, and your nerves (overwrought by work) are in great need of such a real tonic.

Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people will stimulate your whole system; you will then do all your work easily, and "tone" will at length be restored. You will regain your good looks. If you do not take care of yourself now you will pay dearly for your negligence; you will become a stay-at-home invalid. Dr. Williams' pink pills, which have such a powerful action on the blood and nerves, cure anaemia, general weakness, indigestion, sick headaches, skin disorders, consumption, and the ailments that afflict women only. They are invaluable also in cases of neuralgia, rheumatism and sciatica, St. Vitus's dance and paralysis.

Sold by all dealers, also by the Dr. Williams' medicine Co., Holborn-viaduct, London, at two shillings and ninepence a box, or thirteen shillings and ninepence for six boxes of genuine pills, post free by return.

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Containing Copper from H.M.S. VICTORY, bearing inscription and King's Initials, 1/- postal order with enclosed stamped addressed envelope, sent for NELSON CHARMS MANUFACTURING CO. (Limited), 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. Price 1/- each. Postage 1/- per dozen. Remittance to EDWARD W. M. THOMAS, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. LIMEHOUSE, LONDON, E.

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